

Summer 1964

# La Salle Magazine Summer 1964

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# La Salle


QUARTERLY LA SALLE COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEP 5 1964

V 8 #4  
Summer 1964



la salle's first coeds



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## IN THIS ISSUE

1

### LA SALLE'S FIRST COEDS

A pictorial report on 53 teaching sisters of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia and how they have ended La Salle's all-male first century.

5

### "WELLINGTON"

A short story by Claude Koch, Associate Professor of English at La Salle and accomplished novelist.

12

### MUSIC THEATRE '64

A photo story of the genesis of a production by La Salle's musical repertory company.

15

### AROUND CAMPUS

"New Brother on Campus," a story about the first Affiliation of a La Salle staff member. Plus other campus news items.

18

### ALUM-NEWS

A brief chronicle of the often-significant events in the lives of La Salle alumni.

22

### LA SALLE VIGNETTES

A glance at some interesting La Salle people.

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# La Salle

A QUARTERLY LA SALLE COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Volume 8

Summer 1964

Number 4

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES SIBRE

# la salle's first coeds



*There is no worse evil than a bad woman; and nothing has ever been produced better than a good one.—Euripides*

**L**A SALLE, if there be truth in the Greek playwright's epigram, missed much that is good in mankind (in this case, womankind) during the College's all-male first century.

But no more. With the advent of a new Science Workshop for teaching Sisters of the Philadelphia Archdiocesan Schools, La Salle has broken the Gender Barrier. The 53 nuns are the first coeds in the 101 year history of the college. And another, much larger influx of Sisters were to attend classes for one week in August, when more than 200 nuns from Pennsylvania dioceses visited the campus for "Catechetical Week."

The Science Workshop, a pilot program begun last summer, will prepare the Sisters for an intensified elementary school science program initiated by the Archdiocese on the fourth to eighth grade level.

The Rt. Rev. Edward T. Hughes, Superintendent of Archdiocesan Schools, has referred to the Workshop as "an outstanding example of the cooperation of La Salle College with the Archdiocese."

The Sisters are concerning themselves this summer with Meteorology and Astronomy, and next year will study

Oceanography and Biology. They attend morning lectures and afternoon laboratory sessions, conducted by Brother F. Nicholas, F.S.C., Director of the Workshop, Brother E. Richard, F.S.C., and Brother E. Victor, F.S.C. The program is under the auspices of the Education Department, which grants two credits for each four-week summer session, and the Summer Sessions Director, Brother F. Lewis, F.S.C.

"It's fun to teach teachers," Brother Nicholas says of his students. "All of the usual problems of student motivation and discipline are absent. In addition, they have a keen awareness of the need for scientific information. They are an ideal group to teach."

"Much of last year's information and techniques have already been introduced into the Archdiocesan grade school classrooms," he adds.

The publicity-shy Sisters are not anxious to be quoted, but call the workshop "very interesting" and "enjoyable." One added that she "likes it better on the other (teacher's) side of the desk," but another discounted any necessary adjustment, because, "We are always learning anyway; we learn from the children we teach."







Brothers E. Victor (foreground) and E. Richard give instructions necessary for a laboratory session in the Science Center.

←Classroom (opposite): Notes on science.  
Laboratory (below): The scientific method.



Some pertinent data on meteorology at the U.S. Weather Bureau.





"It's fun to teach teachers. All of the usual problems of student motivation and discipline are absent."



Final Exams: Some "like it better on the other side of the desk."



Course diplomas and two credits were received by each Sister who took part in the Workshop. →



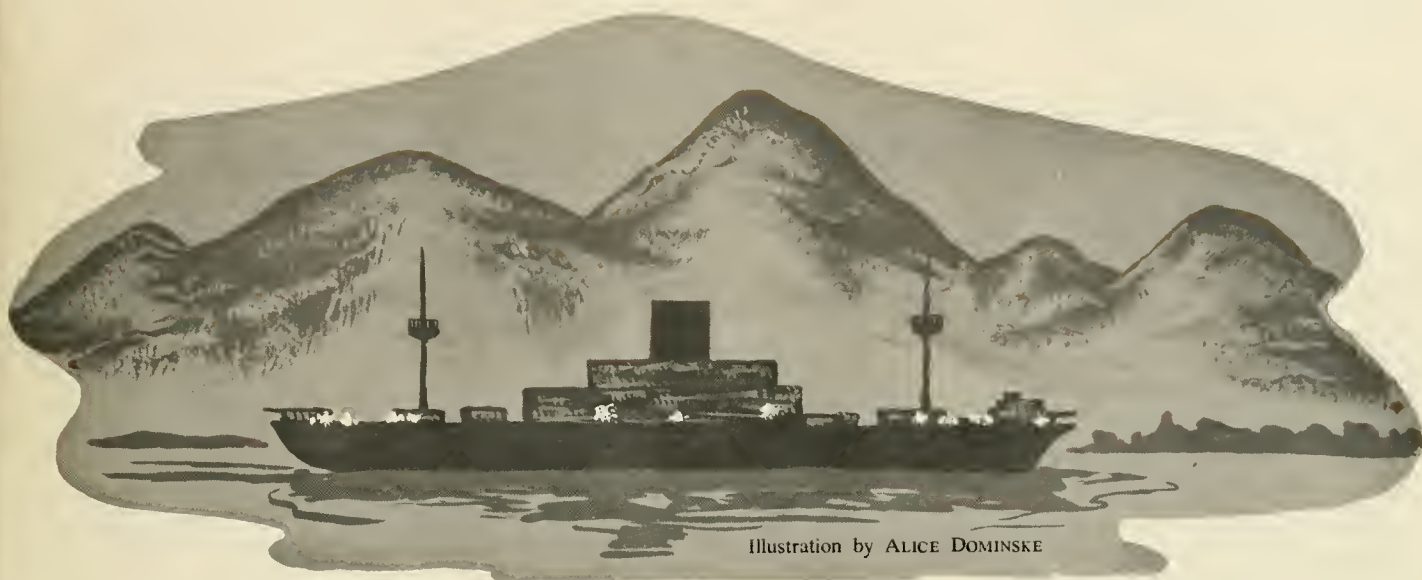


Illustration by ALICE DOMINSKE

# WELLINGTON

A Short Story by CLAUDE KOCH

*Claude Koch, who is introduced in the "Vignettes" section of this issue, is an associate professor of English at the College. His most recent of three novels, The Kite in the Sea, was published by Chilton this spring.*

HE REMEMBERED THE MAIL ORDERLY (whose face, though, like so many others, he could no longer recover). He remembered the orderly coming in upon him as he half-dozed, uncomfortably and in full uniform, upon his bunk. That was in the spring of 1943, and the ship was in Wellington Harbor. It was the first mailcall in six seafaring weeks, and the orderly's great grin (staying with him like a Cheshire cat's) had finished the job of fully awakening him, and had brought him alive with hope. But the lone letter was addressed in his father's cramped hand:

*2nd Lt. Willis Mather Lamphere, III (05783), USMCR  
Fourteenth Defense Battalion, FMF  
Parris Island, South Carolina*

The incisions were there in the fine-penned lettering where the old man had pressed his determination in even that severely limited space. The official forwarding stamp added its red comment like a warning: *FPO 120, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.*

THERE WAS NO LETTER from Carol Ann, but leave it to his father to get through. He shoved the envelope, un-

opened, under the pillow — he had been over that ground before, without end. There were certain obvious disadvantages to being a minister's son. He fingered tentatively at his slight moustache.

Lamphere had drawn Officer of the Day for those first twenty-four hours in Wellington. And when his watch was up and he settled to uneasy sleep on his bunk, the Dutch merchantman that had brought the Battalion six weeks out of Newport News to New Zealand still rode low in the water, and the braziers of the working parties were lighted in the dusk of the second evening on Gladstone Quay. Outside his cabin in Officers' Country, winches clattered and creeked, and heavy crates and 40 mm guns swung in the darkness across the stacked materiel in the holds, over the heads of the working parties, flared into relief by the flames of the braziers, and settled to gather the evening mist in the shadowy angles of the quay. For all that, the ship itself had a stillness and a helplessness in the port that she never had the long blanked-out nights on the sea, when her destination was unknown but her pitching gangways

## Wellington — continued

and companionways, blue-hazed under their black-out lights, gave precarious stability and direction to cargo and crew.

If he could have left the ship immediately, he thought, when the harbor and town grew before them on the evening of that first day after landfall, it might have been different; but, enforced to remain aboard, moving about the holds and compartments like an abiding dark thought in the circle of the skull, he had more leisure than was good for him to indulge a natural self-distrust and melancholy.

THE CABIN PERSISTED singularly still and empty, and in between his tours of the guard he had settled on his unnaturally steady bunk, drifting into a sleep that did not rest him because it was not deep and earthy (not like the sleep of plants that refreshed the roots, not like any sleep he had known before) — or else, propped against the bulkhead, working over the old tunes that Carol Ann had liked on the new harmonica (which he did not need) that she had slipped into his pack the day he left their room near Parris Island for the last time.

So Lieutenant Lamphere rubbed the indefinite moustache that he had timidly encouraged for a sea-change, examined his polished shoes, primly adjusted the blouse of his greens (second-hand greens that had once been too tight), and peered into the mirror once again at the angle of globe and anchor on his cap. Then, with a quick impulse, he straightened, peeled off his cap, blouse, tie, and shirt, and in a moment had shaved the moustache. He dressed again, meticulously and unwillingly.

A head poked in through one of the cabin ports and the officer who was his relief spoke: "What the hell happened to your beard, Matt?"

"Lost my nerve."

"Well go out and get it back, boy. The town's yours."

The head withdrew, then appeared again, at the second port: "The Mathers are coming, heigh-ho, heigh-ho," it chanted. Lamphere smiled and tossed his cap. The watch officer's footsteps rang down the decks, and his shrill whistle

faded to the tune of *Lord Jeffery Amherst was a soldier of the king, and he fought in days of yooo-o-o-r-r-e*.

But when he had left, the ship was no longer familiar. The long companionway starboard was dim and rigid and deserted, and fixed like a vague and hollow arrow, a prescience and a threat predetermining the way of one's chosen steps echoing through it. As Lamphere walked he heard the hollow jar of metal against metal, marking the instant like a discordant clock — and then the single cries of men from the dock beyond the enveloping hull.

WELLINGTON WAS THE ALIEN DUSK and creeping dampness withheld beyond the iron gates of the Quay. As he passed at the gate, the Marine sentry presented arms and grinned with more worldly wisdom than Lamphere cared to see in a face so young, though scarcely younger than his own.

"Have you been ashore yet, Griffin?" the Lieutenant colored at the sentry's intimate grin.

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, where do I go?"

"Down there, Mr. Lamphere. All the life's a block up and to the right."

He began to apprehend the cold as he heard the gates batter to behind him. Lights were sparsely dotted down the long block between warehouses and quay. He walked rapidly. All New Zealand, all the world beneath the southern stars, was an uncalculated and unpredictable mass to the right at the first intersection, and Lieutenant Lamphere wanted nothing so much as a familiar face.

Up ahead, traffic moved indistinctly toward the quay, and turned off to his right before reaching him. By slowing his pace he could keep it that way indefinitely, halving the distance and halving it again. His hands trembled, perhaps with the cold; he hesitated, considered returning to the ship, stepped forward again, keeping his hands out of his pockets in a habitual obedience to the customs of his new occupation.

AT THE CORNER he stopped indecisively, kneading his hands against the cold, and fingering the three-months-old gold wedding band. It slid easily from his finger, and in panic and foreboding he stopped to fumble for it on the pavement. *Old hands and gold bands to bind lovers' cold hands*. Where had Carol Ann gotten that to whisper to him? What a strange and gay intruder she made into the sedate, solemn circle that still kept, in a world that scarcely seemed to move, the puritan feasts and foreknowledge at his family home—as befitted the oldest family thereabouts. *But was there much else to keep?* Lamphere had lately thought dispiritedly. In his rectory, his father had watched her sadly with his terrible compassion when they had told him of their marriage. Where had he gotten the courage? *Bold lover there under gold cover of my hair*. Were the secret rhymes she made (or had she made) all that were to remain of her? Nonsense rhymes. . . . His face was bleak in resistance to a weakening memory. Indeed, had she really existed—to shatter for such a very short while the familiar patterns?

Rising, he buttoned the band carefully, against loss, into his breast pocket. Yet something had been already lost; it had taken these six weeks of brooding on the future in the solemn cage of that ship to most nearly erase the past. What lingered had little strength in it: admonitions and obligations in his father's pulpit voice; faintly, his mother's eyes; harmonica tunes and whispered rhymes. Old doors closed and keys lost; all the protection for the storm for which one was unprepared, beyond the door one could no longer open.

INDIFFERENTLY THEN, and as an intrusion, he became aware of the immediate traffic on the narrow street. He had no particular curiosity for the strangeness of his place, for weren't all places uniformly strange and foreboding and man a purblind wanderer among them? So his father had said, having taken to quoting the more dismal sources since the crash of '29 that resounded through so much of Lamphere's youth.



## Wellington—continued

A slight form brushed him, murmuring an apology—a girl, hurrying like a messenger, or a herald, into the cluster of lights up the street. Once she turned, too far away for him to distinguish her features, but the dark bow of her body and her white face as she glanced back toward him dispelled the listlessness and supplanted it with a longing like a wound, and Carol Ann the archer, seas away.

THEN THE WIND caught him and pushed him up the sloping street, carrying with it the thick and noxious and suggestive odor of soft coal, the acrid railroad yards at White River Junction and Rocky Mount, and the stages of his journey with Carol Ann to all the harmonica tunes and choruses in the slow trains to Parris Island and his first duty post. The girl's voice spoke from the last shadows before the lights:

"Can I help you find your way, Lieutenant?"

Lamphere stopped; a heap of bricks and wood on the pavement forced him toward the voice and the girl's indistinct form in the darkness of a wall.

"What do you mean, 'my way'?" he said.

"If you don't know Wellington," the voice was low and embarrassed, breath-catching at its own temerity, and to his self-disgust he waited, eager to hear again, "I can show you. I'm going to the *Seaman's Rest*; that's for all you servicemen."

Lamphere kicked at the rubble: "I can find my way, all right, and it isn't that way," he growled. "And aren't you young for this sort of thing?"

There was a gasp from the girl: "I don't know what you mean, I . . ."

She lurched against him and hurried away, saddening him with the scent and the feathering of her hair against his face.

"Oh, hell. . . ." Lamphere stepped into a light from a pub, beyond which the girl's slight body had passed and disappeared.

"Your way is fixed already, Will," his father had worried that last night at home, and he could recall with unex-

pected vigor the sad yet uncomplicating brush of snow like a whisk against the windows of the parsonage. "I can bless you, but I cannot help you." A somber old duffer, Carol Ann had said. Lamphere could not disagree. "It's not that I don't love them all," he told her, "but can you imagine what it's like to carry seven generations of Lampheres on your back?"

THEN HE BECAME AWARE that rubble blocked the sidewalks at unpredictable intervals, and that building fronts had partially collapsed. Puzzled, he walked in what he took to be a semicircle up and down the graded, reminiscent streets. Though what he recalled he could not remember: a street he had seen, or foreseen?

THERE WERE NO MARINE UNIFORMS in the rationed light, and he listened to his own isolation in the voices of the street—the peculiar idiom, an accent that corresponded to his memories of stage and film Englishmen. Shops were closed or closing. A damp flurry of wind rushed up the cross streets from the bay. He idled before one of the few restaurants he saw, where the unfamiliar voices and gestures and forms seemed like personifications from the dreary and threatening allegories read afloat the gaslight of his childhood, when his grandfather, the old pastor, was alive. Finally, however, when he was convinced that he had lost all sense of direction, he paused by a wooden structure with a spindly, lighted arch, crushed between two lowering stone facades. Under a small ship's lantern to the right of the doorway he read aloud and with a tremor in his voice because he could not believe in coincidence:

SEAMAN'S REST  
ALL SERVICEMEN WELCOME  
R. MACLEOID, CHAPLAIN

A CAT HUDDLED shivering on the steps, to rise as he leaned toward it and purr—a paper-mache and matchstick form, unbelievably withstanding the ruffling wind and damp.

"Here, you," he said, "you'd better get inside." And he opened the door to a dingy hallway and a small adjoining room

where couples danced to a victrola.

But it was quite as uncomfortable inside as without. He half-turned to go when a cheerful voice spoke at his side and a hand was laid on his arm.

"Come in, come in, Lieutenant. Looking for someone, eh?"

Lamphere swung around, jerking his arm away roughly, to face a most unlikely looking, hulking figure in a Roman collar, balancing on its toes like a fighter.

"Oh, sorry, Reverend. No I . . . I frankly was hoping to get warm, I guess. Are there no heaters in this town?"

"I'm MacLeoid," the man thrust out a beefy palm. "Come in now. I've an electric heater in the basement, and coffee. Come in with you."

SOME OF THE DANCERS nodded good-naturedly to him, and Lamphere reddened as he hurried in the direction of the stairs over which a ship's bell hung. "I'm used to cold," he said, "but not dampness like this."

In the low, dim, and barren basement room, with folding chairs stacked against the walls, by a drearily varnished rostrum, the chaplain plugged in a small electric heater and shook out a chair with one hand as though it were a folded cardboard: "Sit down; I'll have coffee in a wink." Then he was gone up the stairs, two at a time, with an agility that belied his bulk.

LIEUTENANT LAMPHERE leaned forward and spread his hands to the warmth. The heat did not penetrate deeply. He had a scooped-out feeling, like a shell, perhaps, and he rubbed his hands miserably together. Overhead, a padding and shuffling and a vague beat of rhythm suggested the uneasy and aimless stirrings in a distracted mind. He fumbled in his blouse pocket for cigarettes, and found only his harmonica.

*Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Dreaming the happy hours away. . . .*

He trapped the instrument disconsolately against the heel of his palm, and buttoned it into the waist pocket of his uniform. It was, as his father had so often said, too slight an instrument for human praise; no comfort (for, indeed, he had a



## Wellington — continued

gently joshing humor with his family) to man nor beast.

HE BENT OVER the heater again, shivering. To come half way round the world, he thought, to catch pneumonia. He shocked himself by nervous laughter, and shook with a chill. "I'll never make it," he said almost aloud. "I'll never get to the Islands."

"Can I help you find your way, Lieutenant?" The voice was reproachful, and, startled, he half-rose from the chair. "I brought you some coffee. Will you take it white or black?"

Lieutenant Lamphere stood clumsily. She was slighter and even younger than he had thought, and — except that her eyes were hazel or widely gray, as were her coarse woolen blouse and skirt and stockings (and he remembered in the surprised instant as in a revelation that the early asters bloomed dustily among the fading goldenrod along the roadbanks up his childhood's Vermont hills) — in his confusion he did not see her clearly.

SHE SET THE TRAY and coffee pot on the chair he had been using, and said without looking up: "I saw you before this minute." There were two cups. "I just wanted you to feel noticed and not in an unfriendly place." She looked fully at him for the first time. "Are all you Americans like that?"

"I don't know what you mean. I . . ."

"Don't you?" She shook her head reprovingly. He saw the light strands of her hair unsettle . . . as once . . . as once . . . and an image of home overwhelmed him: high as his chin, the hair-fine tassels swayed in the cornfield, sloping downward, as he came out on the ledge from the quarry above the shocks of yellow maize . . . and across the lower fields, with the sabbath sermon just prepared, his father hayed, and into the long wine-shadow of the barn his mother faded to the spring. He could see her face quite clearly. He had forgotten the resources of the field and the spring.

HE LOOKED AT THE GIRL wonderingly: "Yes," he said slowly, "yes I do . . . and I'm most truly sorry. . . ."

"There. You are a solemn one," she said, and her touch on his sleeve brushed down the knuckles of his hand. Lamphere's face lost some of his bleakness, as a harrow after a summer storm loses its shadow with the sunlight whose origin is years away.

"Will you sit with me?"

"Father MacLeod asked me to."

"Good." He brought chairs from the wall and unfolded them. She knelt on the floor and poured coffee into the cups on his chair before the heater.

"You *are* a child," he said. "What's your name?"

"Leslie — and you mustn't talk that way to me, Lieutenant."

THE CHANGES WORKED across her upturned face were uncomplicated. The hazed sun over the home place must still be sliding such primary changes over the planes of the pond. He sat beside her and accepted the coffee. "At home," he said, "we have coffee on the kitchen stove for the stranger all the time." He had not realized how much he wanted an excuse to talk about his home; but she looked at him without speaking, pulling at the slight pout of her underlip with a thumb and finger, until he became disconcerted and tugged at his tie.

"See here, Leslie, what are you staring at?"

"What is your name?"

"I beg your pardon. Willis, Willis Lamphere. Will, or Matt — nicknames. 'Matt' after Mather, my middle name." He smiled, "Or don't you know your New England history?"

"I don't know any history, Lieutenant — but my aunt said I have to stop coming here when the Americans come."

"What's that?"

"She says you'll have money and a 'line.' She goes to the cinema."

"I have neither."

She tapped her foot impatiently: "And I don't want to stay away. My brother is in Africa. When he was sixteen; he enlisted — I want to do something, too, you know."

"Well, Leslie, I wouldn't worry too much. He was probably heavier than you. . . ."

"Oh! You're laughing at me!"

"Yes, yes I am . . . !" Then they were actually laughing, together, and Lamphere became conscious again of the padding and shuffling of feet on the floor above, but this time as an insulation of sound, which, like the walls and stacked chairs, helped to define and enclose and emphasize this unforeseen companionship. He stretched his legs, and leaned back against the chair. "I forgot it was winter here. I should have worn an overcoat, but this is my first night ashore."

"Your first day in Wellington?"

"Uh-huh. I couldn't see much, but the town seems to be in bad shape."

"Oh? Oh!" She raised her hand to her lips with a delighted shyness, and the exclamation escaped from behind it in a trill of laughter. "We had a slight tremor yesterday, if it's the rubble you mean."

"An earthquake?" Lamphere sat up abruptly and reached for his cap. The leaf-pressure of her hand rested on his.

"We do have them every once in a while, you know. We're built on extinct volcanoes."

"Oh, no."

"It's a nice town."

"I'm sure," he said without enthusiasm. "I'm sure it is."

"But not as nice as my town."

"Isn't this your town?"

"No. I'm from Auckland, at the other end of the island. Oh, you should see it. That's where the long white cloud is. And Rangitoto, lovely Rangi. My mountain. It isn't wet and cold. You can swim almost all the year. There's a lovely harbor there. And ferries. And the warm springs are near — at Rotarua."

As she spoke her hands inscribed the images — cloud and mountain and bay. In the calligraphy in air between them Lamphere saw the cloud banks throwing his own green hills into relief, and the secret circumscription of *his* lake; the firs and secret fall mosaic of the pond a long

## Wellington — continued

vista opening downward, toward the summer's recollections, beyond the flaked and stippled leaves that floated still. . . . His hand moved down the sleeve she had touched.

"I should like to see your Auckland."

"Can you get leave? I'll take you."

"You'll *what*?" Lamphere tilted his head and frowned as though he heard with difficulty. "And just how will you do that?"

"I shall tell Aunt I wish to go home. I'm just here for my holidays, you know. Father MacLeoid served with my brother—we're old friends."

"I didn't know," he made a hopeless gesture. "Leslie. . . ."

"Now we should dance," she said, as though something had been settled.

"Dance? I don't dance. I just never learned."

"That's not possible, Leftenant." She picked up his hat. "What does this thing mean, the anchor and so on?"

"Well, it's the Marine Corps—beyond that I don't know. I've really never thought closely about it. Naval service—anchor; the globe—well, that's pretty clear. . . ."

They mounted the stairs and moved among the dancers.

"I've never seen this uniform before," she tapped at his arm with a forefinger. "Now, will you dance with me?"

"See here, I wasn't joking. I've never danced in my life. It's a family failing."

"Well, then, you must wait while I dance—and then you may take me home." His cap was in his hand, and he watched her walk, with one arch backward glance toward him, over the crowded floor to a group in anzac uniforms by the victrola. He saw their pantomime of welcome, the hands stretched out to greet her, and then a good-humored jostling for the dance.

THE PRIEST CAME OVER and stood beside him, smiling with the battered countenance of a victorious pug, and nodding his head to the rhythm of the dancers. Sweaters and short jackets lay over a piano by the wall among the chairs, and

he saw the kitten curled up on top of them. Smoke from cigarettes in the hands of couples seated around the floor wavered to a curtain of gauze near the lights. Lamphere grinned at the priest: he felt that he had made many friends, though except for the priest and the girl they were nameless. The little room pulsed . . . like a heart, perhaps . . . that was it indeed: like a heart, filled with the heart's allegorical figures, shadows of its desires.

"Do you have these dances often, Reverend?"

"Every night. That includes Sunday. You'll find Wellington is a friendly town, Leftenant."

"I'm beginning to believe it." She danced past, in the burly and possessive arms of a New Zealander in corporal's battle dress, and winked toward him, around the corporal's arm—for she scarcely reached his shoulder. Lamphere pushed through the round of dancers and tapped the New Zealander.

"May I cut in?"

"Right, chap." The corporal threw a friendly nod and walked away.

Nettled, Lamphere turned to the girl, after all he *was* a commissioned officer.

"I thought you didn't dance, Leftenant."

"I don't," he said. "But you're going to teach me."

IT WAS THE LAUGHTER HE WOULD REMEMBER, not as an act but as an atmosphere, a matrix out of which the acts formed, a clear running body of sound—almost melody—like the rich wind that worked behind and in and through the white ash and sugar maple and yielding larch when autumn stood in the Vermont hills as clean as stained glass (was it Jonathan Edwards or Cotton Mather who had said that stained glass inhibits the light? His father quoted fondly). And she, for he would remember the figure of the larch again, she bent to the laughter as to his arms, as though it were a part of the dance, and his awkward movements but calculated variations on a premeditated theme.

The ship's bell over the stairs clanged four times; they turned together to see the priest gesture toward the victrola. The music stopped, and Lamphere glanced over her shoulder at his watch: "Ten."

"One half hour more, and you would be able to stand on your *own* two feet, Leftenant." She laughed again behind her hand as though the joke were secret and delicious.

Around them, the couples moved slowly toward the door. Lamphere heard once more, like a warning remembered, the clipped accents and unfamiliar pronunciations.

"I'm sorry, Leslie."

"Yes." She reached up and straightened his tie. They stood alone for a moment in the center of the floor as the room emptied. "You may take me home now."

BY THE DOOR the priest waited with the kitten under one arm. He stroked the slight head with stubby, workman's fingers: "I'll see you again, Leftenant?" His battered features were innocent of guile as he spoke to the girl: "I'm certain to see you, Leslie."

"You'll see us both, Father," she said. "I'm teaching Leftenant Lamphere what he's missed all these years."

"Good night, Reverend," said Lamphere. "I'll certainly be back; we've just started to unload ship."

"Well," the priest opened the door to the tar-black street and rolling mist. "We've waited a long while for you Americans—we're glad you're here."

Yet before the door was closed the voice was rendered colorless by the dull non-resonant barrier of the night, and Lamphere shivered as one does at an unpleasant and threatening recollection.

"My God, what's happened to the lights?"

"It may be a surprise blackout. Port Darwin was bombed last week you know." She tucked an arm under his. "I know the way."

"I wish I had a cigarette."

"Do you smoke," he could hear her almost inaudible laughter. "You *do* have vices, don't you." She held a small box



## Wellington — continued

before his eyes. "Here, these are *Capstans*. Light one for me, too."

HE DID, handing her back the box of cigarettes, and holding two of them between his lips as he scraped the match. The flare struck across her teeth. He held the match for her to blow out, and saw with an inherited sadness and distrust the planes of shadow cross her face and swell below her lips, and extend and define the light as a flame in her face's oval as she leaned toward his hand. Then the match was out and he was no less blind than if he had been staring down the October sun jewelizing the fir and white birches in the rime frost trees at home.

"You're like an alchemist, you know."

She touched his cheek: "If we stay close to the buildings we won't stumble. It's all been pushed into the road. Anyhow," she slid her arm through his, "we'll get used to the darkness, and the fog is only the tears of Rangī. . . ."

They padded through an inaudible, invisible world. "If my father were here," Lamphere said suddenly, "he'd make this a text for a homily."

"Your father?"

"Yes, he's a minister. In Vermont — that's far away from here. Young Couple, dark road, pitfalls, wrong turning, and so forth. It's a natural."

"Is it? I'm cold."

HE SETTLED HIS CAP rakishly upon her head to make her laugh again, and drew his arm about her shoulder. Against his cheek her hair furred. There were firs that did that, their long low sweep drawing soft and elastic and fragrant lines across the face and slowing the footsteps going home.

"Tell me about him," she said.

"Well," he turned his face fully against her hair, "his father, and his father before him, and *his* father were ministers in South Calais — a town you'll never hear of any more ten miles away let alone at this end of the world. But it *is* the oldest pulpit in Vermont. I was supposed to follow Dad."

"I could never marry a minister."

"Oh, I can well believe that," he smiled into the tips of her hair, into the warm autumn fragrance of the firs stretching for

green acres across the hills, and tightened his arm on her shoulder.

THEY TURNED UP A SIDE STREET, climbing steadily; and the mist gradually dispersed. The outlines of the narrow street sloping upward were clear in the starlight. Lamphere could hear now, quite plainly, their footsteps pass the darkened houses on the deserted street.

"What do you have in this pocket, Lieutenant? Do you carry . . . ?"

"No, we're not armed against you. It's a harmonica." Her cigarette marked a period as they stopped. He withdrew his arm and extracted the mouth organ. He drew the instrument across his lips.

"What'll you have, m'am. And for God's sake stop calling me lieutenant. The name's Matt. Matt. Matt."

"I heard you." She took the instrument from him, examined it, blew a few exploratory breaths into it, and handed it back. "Play me *Lili Marlene*."

"I know all of Stephen Foster."

"Then play me that."

HE PLAYED, VERY LOW, as he had played so often for Carol Ann — in the bus stations, on the train platforms, in the crowded coaches — in those itinerant months. The melodies separated them now, carrying each to a different journey. They walked apart.

"Don't play any more," she interrupted the series of images on which he dwelt.

"Why not?"

"You're somewhere else."

Her restraining hand halted him and turned him as the sweet persuasion of the leaves turns a walker in the knee-deep woods.

"I'm where I must be," he said in his father's voice.

"Are you?" Had she spoken?

"What?" he bent down to catch the breath of sound that eludes one among the larches and firs, and touched her lips.

It was the wind, or his breath, that ceased.

"Leslie," he whispered. "Leslie, where do you come from? Why are you here?"

"To be with you," she said.

THE SINGING WAS ALL ABOUT THEM, though how it penetrated to the still center of the living season where the berries were sweet against the mouth and the body grew to the yielding meadow land it touched among the slumbrous lancing hay, Lamphere could not know at first. But there it was; looking up, he saw the shadows ringing them, and shook his head to dispel them.

"Say there, Yank!"

"Come along with you!"

THERE WERE SIX OF THEM, three couples—swaying shadows. It had been their singing he had heard as some stirring in the tall grass and in the trees. The girl had not moved, except to press her head against the breast of his greens. And as he turned with the singers as though continuing a long recollection, she turned her body too — though her cheek still pressed against him. His bent arm held her slight shoulder, and his hand rested in her hair. In a line of shadows, two by two, they mounted the street—the anzaacs and their women singing the *Waltzing Matilda*, and Lamphere picking up the tune as though he had played it innumerable times before.

AT THE CREST OF THE HILL, her hand restrained him again; and he stood quietly, without questioning, as the singers moved over the hill and down the other side. Their voices were thinned in the street's dim turning before she spoke: "I can't go any farther with you."

"I see."

"Your dock is below us — down there after our friends who sing."

She raised a hand timidly to his cheek: "You *will* be back tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"I'll stand here while you go."

He stepped back, and she was once again a voice and an indistinct form in the massed darkness of a wall. He had taken a dozen steps downward when he heard her footsteps behind him.

"Here, Lieutenant. I have these." She unbuttoned the breast pocket of his greens and closed the flap over the pack of cigarettes. He heard her footsteps long



## Wellington — continued

after she had gone — a tranquil tapping, diminishing, lagging a little as they faded, to become only the beating of his pulse at last. Lamphere waited, listening. There was no disturbance in the night. He began the descent to the docks.

HE HEARD THE WORKING PARTIES distantly before he reached Gladstone Quay. At first the sound intruded, as the incomprehensible voices from the screen reach the ears of one waiting in a foyer for a film to end. The fog had lifted, and now the night resounded like a drum, and in the cold, echoing air the manhandling of equipment struck clean and clear. Mechanically he reached in his breast pocket for a cigarette, and the cold band of his ring touched his finger. *Old hands and gold bands to bind lovers' cold hands.* He rubbed his cheek with the puzzled gesture of a sleeper awakening, and slowly slid the ring on his finger. Up the end of the street that pillowed darkness on blue deceiving darkness, the braziers were a certain light.

"My God!" He lodged his foot in a pile of rubble and pitched forward. The ring cut into his finger. He caught the dull tearing of cloth as his head struck the pavement. When he pulled himself erect, the braziers moved unsteadily in the distance as though they pitched on the deck of a ship.

THE SENTRY'S BRISK SALUTE and the clang of the gate behind him startled him, and he reacted automatically. He straightened, returned the salute, and mounted the gangplank to where the Officer of the Day leaned solidly against the rail.

"Well, Cotton, how's the bible belt?" A flashlight beam wavered over him and arched back sharply. "Man, you've had yourself a ball! Didn't think you had it in you!"

LAMPHERE SWUNG ABOUT and pressed his body against the rail; its restraining skeleton supported him. The blackout over Wellington was complete — it was quite as though the city had never existed, had never been shaken and broken, had never echoed to a thin song. He pressed the tips of his fingers to his forehead. Perhaps it was the fall, but a pain had

settled somewhere there that he could not trace, and a dry destructive burning worked behind his eyes and his mouth. The cold of the railing made itself felt through the torn blouse of his greens, and he pulled away. He cleared his throat with difficulty: "Where did you get the jacket and gloves?"

"Crate just came up. Number two hold's clear."

"I'll need both, I guess. There's a great deal here we didn't anticipate."

"Snafu," said the O.O.D. "Did you get the word? We move inland in two days. Only one more liberty."

There was no way back — his father had said it.

"I won't be going ashore again," Lamphere said.

"You must have drawn a blank."

"Yes." Lamphere rubbed his hands together. "Yes," he slid the ring back and forth across the cut on his finger, "I've drawn a blank and I could use a drink."

"I believe there's hope for you yet. There's a fifth in my locker. Help yourself."

When Lamphere finally reached the galley, the ship seemed again to be pitching and rolling. The mess cook on duty looked up at him with surprise "Just come off liberty, Lieutenant?" He fended off the edge of the envelope in the officer's hand. "It's a real port, right, Lieutenant?"

Lamphere did not answer. He ladled the black coffee and moved precariously to a table. "What the hell," he said at last, "let's have a song, Cookie." He waved the letter. "Tells me to remember I'm a Lamphere, and go with God, he says. . . ."

The O.O.D. made his tour of the galley at eight bells. Lamphere was asleep on a table. "If your ancestors could see you now," he shook the officer's shoulder.

"There's a song," Lamphere mumbled, "a song . . . heard it, y'know . . . but can't remember . . . *Matilda, Matilda* . . . some girl, y'know. . . ."

THE OFFICER OF THE DAY saw him through the shower: "I wouldn't do this for everyone. What the hell were you up

to last night? Your greens look as though you've been through the boondocks."

Lamphere lifted his face to the stinging water to smother a reply. The cascade broke over his head like the rushing miniature falls below the mill where he had bathed as a boy. The double vision doubly refreshed him, and through the spray the O.O.D.'s face seemed foolishly perturbed.

"What?"

"I said that you couldn't go ashore again in this uniform in this condition even if you wanted to."

Then Lamphere was aware of the cold of the water. Deliberately he turned off the shower: "I see."

HE CLIMBED THE COMPANIONWAY. Light through the portholes of the Officers' Mess displayed the bright day. He adjusted his cap fore and aft, hitched up the issue trousers, zippered the combat jacket, adjusted the issue gloves. Then he stepped out on deck in the crisp sea air off the bay that curved out to where porcelain sea and sky merged and were reconciled. He drew his eye around the horizon to the city set with the clarity and spare grace of a New England winter landscape against its volcanic hills. There was no snow, but Lamphere could see it nevertheless and this bright scene imposed upon it like a palimpsest in the mind. The white houses, settled against the hills on the land that arced to cradle the bay, were too familiar to be strange, and he descended the ladder to hunt for what the brilliant morning must conceal. At the gate of the Quay, down the street of the warehouses, surely there would be fog and singing. The sentry saluted:

"Sorry, sir, you can't go ashore in that uniform."

LAMPHERE RETURNED THE SALUTE. He held to the iron spikes of the fence that separated quay and street and stared down to the corner where one turned to the right. The past with its people and places importuned him like an old wound inordinately sensitive to wind and weather. She had restored it to him at that cost, if, indeed, she had existed at all. The iron spikes of the fence most certainly did, as did the heap of rubble halfway down the Quay, defining a prison whose anterior reaches were — at that very moment — fixing themselves along a line from Malaita to Guadalcanal. ■ ■

# Music Theatre '64



Managing Director Dan Rodden (center) and choreographer Jean Williams conduct an early meeting with the company.

## Behind the sparkle and charm, rewarding exasperation

Photographs by CHARLES SIBRE and JACK UNGER

**L**A SALLE COLLEGE IS A LONG WAY 'off-Broadway,' but the College's summer MUSIC THEATRE has brought the Great White Way's glittering musicals within virtual walking distance of most Philadelphians.

MUSIC THEATRE '64, the third season of La Salle musicals, offered Rodgers and Hammerstein's *South Pacific* for its initial presentation this summer, and the now-classic show was such an overwhelming box office success that it was held over for two weeks. The second production is Jerome Kern's *Music in the Air*, which continues through September 6.

Managing Director Dan Rodden, who has won acclaim for his work over the past 11 years as director of the Masque, is the creative and administrative head of the repertory company, which includes a unique combination of professional and campus talent. In addition to La Salle, more than a dozen colleges and universities are represented in the cast. The staff includes choreographer Jean Williams, technical director Sidney MacLeod, and musical director Frank Diehl.

Rodden, with the financial and moral support of the College, inaugurated the summer theatre with "Carousel" in July, 1962, followed by Irving Berlin's *Annie Get Your Gun*. Last season, three more hits were offered — *Finian's Rainbow*, *Fiorello*, and *The Fantasticks* — each playing to enthusiastic critical and audience approval.

This year, after two smash seasons during which over 35,000 patrons visited the campus theatre, *South Pacific* launched the new season with characteristic plaudits from the critics and a busy box office. Philadelphia *Inquirer* critic Samuel Singer welcomed "One of the top shows of the Delaware Valley," while *Bulletin* reviewer Jack Lloyd called *Pacific* "A fine evening's entertainment."

But behind the sparkle and charm of each MUSIC THEATRE musical are the long, often exasperating but always rewarding, hours of work by the company. This is a photographic account of the genesis of MUSIC THEATRE '64's *South Pacific*, culminating in that night-of-nights — Opening Night.





Rodden makes a directorial judgment during one of a myriad of painstaking rehearsals.



The first dress rehearsal is one of the exciting moments of any show. Judy McMurdo (above) works up a lather over her "Wash That Man" number, and Dallie Mohammed (left) cavorts with a chorus extolling the charms of "Bloody Mary."





First Nighters: The opening night audience begins to assemble on the outdoor patio near the lobby.



The show is on and opening night 'butterflies' start to subside.



The final curtain calls — they make it all seem worthwhile.

## Around Campus

### Dr. Sprissler, A.F.S.C.: New Brother on Campus

**“W**HEREFORE AND THROUGH these Letters of Affiliation we make you sharer in the merits of the Communions, meditations, prayers, fasts, works of the Christian education of youth, and all other good works which, with God's grace, will be performed by our Institute.”

Thus, Brother Nicet Joseph, F.S.C., Superior General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, proclaimed the Affiliation with the teaching order of Dr. Joseph J. Sprissler, vice president for business affairs and member of La Salle's staff for the past 32 years.

Affiliation, a rare honor bestowed by the Brothers upon a layman, makes the recipient a participant in the works of the teaching order that conducts the College in addition to hundreds of schools throughout the world, and the Latin abbreviation for the order, *F.S.C.*, may follow his name.

Dr. Sprissler is the first member of the La Salle staff to receive the honor and only twelve have been Affiliated by the Baltimore District of the order in the past 100 years.

Brother D. John, F.S.C., Provincial of the Baltimore District of the Christian Brothers, and Brother Daniel Bernian, F.S.C., President of the La Salle, officiated at the ceremonies in the College Chapel. The Rev. Mark Heath, O.P., College Chaplain, delivered the sermon, and the Rev. Clement Burns, O.P., was the celebrant of Solemn Benediction.

Dr. Sprissler is perhaps best known to graduates of the Evening Division, which he founded in 1946 and helped nurture to its present enrollment of some 2,500. In addition to the Evening Division, the first in Pennsylvania accredited to give Bachelor's Degrees, he is also credited with having founded the Masque, La Salle's undergraduate drama group.

Dr. Sprissler's dedication to La Salle is best expressed in the citation accompanying his Diploma of Affiliation:

“During the 32 years that Dr. Sprissler has been associated with La Salle College,



Brother John (left), Brother Daniel and Dr. Sprissler at Affiliation ceremony in the campus chapel.

he has identified himself with (the College) in a manner which is akin to the best unselfish interest of any devoted member of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Only his family holds a more important place in his devotion.”

#### 101st Commencement

● A Ford Motor Company vice president told the largest graduating class in La Salle's history that a sense of failure is “just as essential to successful and responsible human existence as is the experience of success and accomplishment.”

Theodore H. Mecke, Jr., vice president for public relations at Ford Motor Company, gave his remarks in the commencement address to 800 La Salle graduates at the College's 101st commencement at Convention Hall. Two other alumni, James T. Harris, Jr., of the Ford Foundation, and H. Blake Hayman, M.D., Levittown (Pa.) physician, and the Most Rev. Francis J. McSorley, O.M.I., D.D., Bishop of the Philippines, received hon-

orary Doctor of Laws degrees. Bishop McSorley was presiding officer and Brother Daniel Bernian, F.S.C., president of La Salle, conferred the degrees.

“In a success-oriented society like ours,” Mecke said, “acknowledgement of failure is hard to come by. This doesn't mean that our failures are really invisible. Like the king who had no clothes, they just aren't discussed. In most circles, it is almost impolite to talk about our national shortcomings. It's even worse to root around among them with a view to settling upon one or two that are worth attacking.”

“But a sense of failure,” Mecke added, “which is to say of moral responsibility for doing something about the things that are wrong in the world — is just as essential to successful and responsible human existence, as is the experience of success and accomplishment. It is the hard traces of failure that offer the opportunity for our own self-fulfillment. And they run through all the strata of our national life.”





Brother Daniel, Bishop McSorley, and Drs. Mecke, Heyman and Harris at 101st Commencement Exercises.

## Spring Sports Review

• Ira Davis (see "Vignettes" section) wasn't the only Explorer making Olympic news this summer. La Sallians, surprised and disappointed at the failure of pole-vaulter John Uelses (La Salle, Spring 1964) to qualify at the Randall's Island Trials, were elated when seniors Stan Cwiklinski and Hugh Foley rowed their way to Tokyo as members of the crack Vesper Club eight-oared shell.

Track coach Frank Wetzler had earlier guided his Explorer cindermen to a seventh Middle Atlantic Conference (Uni-

versity Division) title, the first since 1960, rolling up 71 points against defending champion Delaware's 50, in McCarthy Stadium.

Individual MAC track titlists included captain Paul Minehan (mile and 2 mile); Dick Sherwin (120 high hurdles); Steve French (220 low hurdles); Uelses (pole-vault); Ralph Palatucci (javelin), and Bill Barry, Pat Ward, Bill Tobin and Bill Holmes (mile relay). Chances look good for the team to repeat in 1965, since only Minehan and Palatucci have been graduated.



Coach Wetzler and Champions: Another Middle Atlantic Conference title.

Coach Gene McDonnell steered La Salle to the school's first NCAA baseball tournament in history, but the Explorers bowed, 8-3, to powerful Seton Hall, which went on to finish fifth in the College "World Series" at Omaha. Overall, La Salle had a 13-7 record, including wins over Tampa and East Carolina during the first southern trip for a La Salle baseball team.

## Distinguished Teacher Awards

• Three \$1000 faculty awards for "distinguished teaching" and honorary degrees to three Archdiocesan prelates were given at the College's annual observance of Founders Day in May.

Honorary Doctor of Laws degrees were presented at a convocation on the campus, to the Rev. John J. Graham, D.D., V.G., Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar General of the Archdiocese, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward T. Hughes, Superintendent of Archdiocesan Schools, and the Rt. Rev. Charles B. Mynaugh, chairman of the Archdiocesan Committee for Television and Radio and Director of the Fraternity of Christian Doctrine. Bishop Graham was Presiding Officer and gave the convocation address. Brother Daniel Bernian, F.S.C., president, conferred the degrees.

The faculty awards, given at the traditional Founder's Day Dinner, were presented to Dr. C. Richard Cleary, professor of Political Science and chairman of the Political Science Department, Michael A. De Angelis, associate professor of Accounting, and Joseph C. Mihalich, assistant professor of Philosophy. Each received \$1000 awards made possible by a \$3000 grant from the Christian R. and Mary F. Lindback Foundation. Two Evening Division faculty members were also honored. Brother F. Emery, F.S.C., dean, presented awards to Victor D. Brooks, Psychology department, and Joseph G. Markmann, Accounting.

## Record Summer Enrollment

• La Salle had a record enrollment of over 1200 in its 1964 Summer Sessions, which included five special programs and 12 new courses, according to Brother F. Lewis, F.S.C., Summer Sessions Director.

"This increase reflects the tremendous expansion of our summer program over the past four years, which has included the opening of evening classes, many



new courses and special programs," Brother Lewis said.

"With the addition of new areas of instruction and special programs," he added, "La Salle's Summer Sessions in 1964 will offer educational and cultural opportunities to an expanded segment of the Philadelphia community. For the fourth consecutive year, teachers attending special programs and students from other colleges and universities swell La Salle's summer enrollment to a record high."

Five special programs were offered: Elementary School Teachers' Science Workshop; an Institute for Teachers of Religion; a National Science Foundation-sponsored program; a Workshop in Geology, held in the far west, and a Reading Development Program.

### N.S.F. Library Grant

- The College library has received a grant of \$3,500 from the National Science Foundation, according to Brother E. Joseph, F.S.C., librarian. The grant will be used to "strengthen the library's resource materials," especially basic journals in Chemistry, Physics, Sociology and Mathematics.

### Faculty Research Awards

- Twelve La Salle College professors have received grants, among them four new \$1000 awards by the College, for research and course improvement projects this summer.

Four faculty members received National Science Foundation grants for summer research institutes. Brother D. Julius, F.S.C., associate professor and chairman of the Mathematics department. Brother G. Raymond, F.S.C., associate professor and chairman of the Chemistry department, and Brother G. Lewis, F.S.C., assistant professor of Physics, are attending N.S.F. institutes in their fields of study at Texas A&M, the University of Utah, and the University of Kansas, respectively. Joseph W. Simmons, assistant professor of Physics, attends an N.S.F. workshop in optics in Memphis, Tenn.

Four professors pursued research and course improvement under experimental \$1000 grants given by La Salle: Dr. John Rooney, associate professor and chairman of the Psychology department, for a continuing investigation of psychological characteristics of applicants to religious orders; Brother G. Paul, F.S.C., profes-

### LSC 'Bowl' Bound

La Salle College will be a participant in the weekly NBC-TV series, "College Bowl," on Sunday, September 27, when the La Salle team will meet either Arizona State or Hofstra.

The six-man team — four players and two alternates, was in the process of being selected at press time. Mr. Charles V. Kelly, associate professor of English, is the moderator of the team, which will appear on the second 'Bowl' program of the season.

General Electric Scholarship grants of \$1500 to the winning team and \$500 to the runnerup are given each week.

New York alumni may obtain tickets by writing to Guest Relations Department, NBC-TV, Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

sor of Chemistry, to prepare a laboratory manual for a new co-ordinating course for seniors; Dr. Robert J. Courtney, associate professor of Political Science, for a comparative study of the Council-Manager form of government in Pennsylvania, and Dennis J. McCarthy, associate professor of History, for research on Charles XII of Sweden.

Brother M. Fidelian, F.S.C., vice president for academic affairs and associate professor of English, and Brother C. Joseph, F.S.C., assistant professor of

English, to study modern English literature at the University of London, under grants from the Mary Finn Foundation, of New York.

John L. McCloskey, vice president for public relations, attended the 12th annual Republic Steel Corp. "Economics in Action" Institute at Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland.

George Diehl, lecturer in Music and program director at radio station WFLN, took part in a conference on Contemporary music sponsored by the West German government at Darmstadt.

### Henning: Job Training Needed

- Economic growth and prosperity alone will not solve U. S. unemployment ills, Undersecretary of Labor John F. Henning told a La Salle audience this spring.

Henning gave his remarks to some 300 students and faculty attending the talk, which was part of La Salle's annual concert and lecture series held on campus. His topic was "Problems Posed By Automation."

Job training for unskilled workers, he asserted, is the principal solution to high unemployment rates. In the decade ahead, technological change will create 10 million new jobs, but some 13 million new workers will enter the labor market, he contended.

"Each year," Henning said, "many high school graduates and drop-outs enter a society which simply has no place for them. The sources of unskilled employment — the docks, coal mines, and steel mills — are gone."



Bishop Graham addresses the Founder's Day Convocation on the campus.

# ALUM-NEWS

By JAMES J. McDONALD, '58



Daniel D. McGonigle, '57, was elected president of the La Salle College Alumni Association for 1964-65, succeeding James I. Gillespie, '55. Other officers elected were Francis X. Donohoe, '55, Vice-President, and Charles A. Agnew, Jr., '61.

## '26

DR. FRANCIS J. BRACELAND, nationally prominent psychiatrist, was the principal speaker at a recent meeting of 500 Pennsylvania mental health leaders held at Pocono Manor, Pa.

## '28

WILLIAM G. MUNDY, ESQ. is professor of Law and Government at Tri-State College, Angola, Ind.

## '33

WALDO G. GAMBA, D.D.S. was recently elected president of the Philadelphia County Dental Society.

## '34

THOMAS P. BROWN, M.D. died in June at Delaware County (Pa.) Memorial Hospital.

## '38

JOSEPH R. RITTER was named Delaware Valley sales manager, Pacific Coast Division of Sea-Land Service, Inc.

## '39

ERNEST A. POLIN, patent attorney for Allied Chemical Corporation, has been transferred to the company's research and administration center at Morris Township, N. J.

## '42

MICHAEL P. MANDARINO, M.D., Alumni Hall of Athletes member, was honored by the Delaware County Sportsman's Club as "Man of the Year." SAMUEL SHORE, M.D., who has been practicing surgery in Los Angeles, studied law part time at the University of Southern California, received his LL.B. and is now a member of the California Bar.

LT. COL. GEORGE J. EDELMANN, U.S.M.C., addressed an Armed Forces Day luncheon in Lancaster, Pa. He is comptroller for the Defense Depot at Mechanicsburg, Pa.

## '44

ROBERT B. WINKLEMAN was appointed deputy commissioner of public property in Philadelphia, by Mayor James H. J. Tate.

R. WINKELMAN



## '46

ALBERT J. D'ALESSANDRO received his M.S. in Education from the University of Pennsylvania. HENRY LESSE, M.D., is chief of Research at the Neuropsychiatric Institute of the University of California Medical Center and an associate professor of Psychiatry at U.C.L.A. EDWARD MURRAY, M.D. died in April at Hahnemann Hospital.

## '48

HOWARD L. HANNUM, assistant professor of English at La Salle, received his Ph.D. in English from the University of Pennsylvania.

## '49

The JOSEPH G. GREENBERG's welcomed their ninth child, a boy, Charles Michael.

## '50

JESSE CAIN, who has a morning radio show 6 to 9 a.m. on Boston's station WHDH, was named "Young Man of the Year" by Boston's Press Photographer's Assoc. Last year's recipient was Senator Edward Kennedy.

ANTHONY N. CIARLONE received his M.B.A. from Rutgers University on June 3. THOMAS F. MCGUIRE was recently appointed Township Committeeman in Pennsauken, N. J. JOHN V. MCINTYRE is General Supervisor of Elementary Schools in the Morris Plains, N. J. system. ANTHONY J. CICCATELLI married the former Lillian Collins in Levittown, Pa.

## '51

ROBERT R. KURMIN was recently promoted to Combined-Group Manager in the Insurance Company of North America's Newark (N. J.) Service office. JAMES J. MCCABE, JR. has become a member of the law firm of Duane, Morris and Hecksler.

Frank J. Mee  
151 Harrison Avenue  
Glenside, Pa.

## '53

EDGAR M. GUERTIN has been appointed production superintendent of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (3M) Company's duplicating and microfilm products machine assembly plant at New Ulm, Minn. DR. JOSEPH J. HANNA has been named director of the Vision Conservation Institute, Inc. for the Philadelphia area. WILLIAM J. LANG has been appointed an assistant secretary of the Broad Street Trust Company in Philadelphia. ROBERT S. SEGIN, M.D. completed four years of training in internal medicine and cardiology at Hahnemann Medical College.

E. GUERTIN



## '54

JOHN F. BLOH and JOSEPH WELLER were ordained to the priesthood. GERALD W. FAISS and JOSEPH MANLEY were granted Master of Business Administration degrees from Temple University. GEORGE H. RONEY, JR. recently returned to active duty with the U.S. Army, received his "wings" at Ft. Rutger, Ala. JOHN P. McELVENNY, JR. is now district manager for the Barrett Division of Allied Chemical Company. CAPT. DANIEL J. FISCHER, U.S.A. recently returned from Viet Nam, has been assigned to Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. EARLE J. WOOD from

Robert J. Schaefer  
5929 Bingham Street  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19120





Among the anniversary reunions held on the campus this spring and summer were the Class of '39 (left) and '54 (right). Louis A. K. Mellon points out likeness of John J. Kelly (right) at '39 reunion. James E. Donnelly, Jr. (left) presented prize to Earle J. Wood and his wife, Pot, for having travelled greatest distance (from Kansas City) to attend the '54 get-together.

Kansas City, Mo., PHIL BELANCIO from New Orleans, FRANCIS R. O'HARA and ALEXANDER L. AVALLON from Pittsburgh, JOHN P. BRADLEY from Albany, N. Y. and GERARD T. CORKERY from Washington, D. C. were long distance travelers to the 10th reunion. JAMES MARTIN and his wife Roseanne were awarded first prize in the "baby derby." The Martin's have seven children. GEORGE WEAVER and his family are now residing in Bountiful, Utah. EDWARD V. MCGRATH and his family are now residents of

T. WILKINS received his M.B.A. from Drexel Institute of Technology, where he is assistant director of public relations.

## '56

Joseph N. Malone  
1578 Minnesota Road  
Camden 4, N. J.

JAMES A. BECHTEL was appointed manager of Training and Development in Merck, Sharp and Dohme's personnel department. CARL F. KOLANKO was awarded a summer fellowship in the American studies program at Eastern Baptist College. He is teaching at Pottstown (Pa.) High School, where he is head baseball coach and assistant football coach. FIRST LT. FRANCIS MONTAGUE received his M.A. degree in hospital and health administration from the State University of Iowa. He has been selected for promotion to captain and will be assigned to Sneed AFB, Nevada. JOHN J. LOMBARD married the former Barbara Mallon. JOSEPH KANE's wife Alexa, gave birth to their fifth child and third daughter, Sheila.

the 50th anniversary banquet of the North Philadelphia Realty Board. CLEMENT J. VERDEUR, JR. was transferred to Rifle, Colorado by Socony Mobil Oil Company where he will be administrative assistant to the program manager of an oil shale research program. PATRICK J. BANNIGAN's wife Barbara gave birth to a daughter, Beth.



FATHER BLOH



C. VERDEUR



FATHER KELLY

Allentown. Ted is associated with the Mack Transportation Co. JOHN J. MAHER has been appointed to the Alumni Board of Directors as a representative of the Class of '54. Births: JOHN P. MCELVENNEY, JR. and his wife Ann, Maine where each is taking a summer course in Ophthalmology. HENRY

Francis X. Donohoe  
7119 Cedar Park Avenue  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19138

## '55

JOSEPH L. DARR, M.D. and JOHN J. SILIQUINI, M.D. met recently at Colby College, Waterville, Maine where each is taking a summer course in Ophthalmology. HENRY

## '57

LT. JOHN F. AMBROGI, JR. has been assigned to Naval Intelligence in Washington. D.C. JOSEPH M. BURAK, who teaches English at the F. D. Roosevelt Junior H.S. in Bristol Township, Pa., has been named chairman of the reading department there. JOSEPH M. ERB received his Ed.M. from Rutgers University. REV. CHARLES F. KELLY was ordained to the priesthood by the Most Rev. George W. Ahr, Bishop of Trenton on May 23. LEO W. REILLY received the Samuel Abernathy award for outstanding service at

## '58

James J. McDonald  
La Salle College  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

THOMAS ADAMS had a story published this spring in the Sewanee Review, "The Cloister." GERALD DEL PRATO spoke to the Wilkesboro, N. J. branch of the American Association of University Women recently on the topic, "The Montessori Method of Education." JOSEPH F. DOYLE received his LL.B. from Villanova Law School in June. JOSEPH D. GALLAGHER has been appointed a professional service representative of McNeil Laboratories, Inc. GEORGE C. SHAMMO was promoted by Bell Telephone Co. to district plant superintendent of the Central

Philadelphia area. THOMAS C. SMITH married the former Judith Anne Cannon in Avon, Conn.

J. GALLAGHER



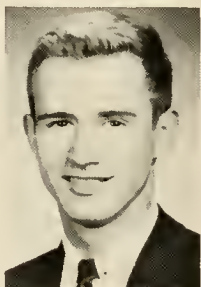
Joseph L. Hanley  
5830 North 16th Street  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

'59

MARTIN J. CONNOLLY will teach English at Haddonfield (N.J.) High School in the fall. WILLIAM HURST, who received his M.S. in education at Temple University, will be associated with the Peirce Junior College this fall. CHARLES K. O'MALLEY is now a C.P.A. practicing in Jenkintown, Pa. ALBERT J. DORLEY, who recently earned his Ph.D. in History from St. John's University and will join Villanova's faculty this fall, was married to the former Mary Spietel. LT. BERNARD T. MILLIGAN married Susan Changler.

'60

Ralph W. Howard  
La Salle College  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141



FATHER HARDIN

DR. WHITECAR

DR. LESSE



Two members of the Class of '60 received major awards at Phila. medical colleges. JOHN P. WHITECAR received five of the 21 major awards at Jefferson's commencement, including the prize for the graduate with "the highest general average during the final two years of medical course" and the Edward J. Moore prize for "the senior student with the greatest aptitude in Pediatrics." KENNETH LESSE received the Dean's Award at Hahnemann for the student with "the highest overall average for four years" and the J. A. Langbord Prize for the student demonstrating "humanitarianism in medi-



Former President Dwight D. Eisenhower is briefed on the day's schedule by Robert J. Schoefer, '54, who handled promotion of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Heart Association's recent golf tourney, which also featured participation by Arnold Palmer, Jimmy Demeret, and Roy Bolger.

cine." Other new M.D.'s graduated from Hahnemann include DOCTORS JAMES O. FINNEGAN (see "Vignettes" section); WILLIAM E. AHERNE; NORMAN H. COOPERSMITH; JAMES O. FINNEGAN and MICHAEL A. NERI. Temple Medical awarded M.D.'s to PETER E. FARRELL, WARREN L. PASTOR and NOEL A. YANESSA. LEONARD MIRESE received his master's degree from Temple University. 1ST LT. JOHN J. BANNON was graduated from the U.S. Air Force course for legal officers at Lackland AFB, Texas. THOMAS G. DOUGHERTY has been appointed an assistant secretary of Broad Street Trust Co. REV. ROY T. HARDIN was ordained to the priesthood by the Most Rev. Celestine J. Damiano, Archbishop-Bishop of Camden, N.J. on May 17. RICHARD H. WOLLAVER received his M.S. from Drexel Institute of Technology. *Marriages:* WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER to Adrienne Marie Donaghue. THOMAS B. MERLINO to Mary G. Fulper.

Robert S. Lyons, Jr.  
La Salle College  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19141

'61

FRANCIS J. CARLIN received his M.S. in Chemistry from the University of Delaware. FIRST LT. RICHARD E. DARCY is chief of the examination division of the Army's Finance and Accounting Office at Orleans, France. ANTHONY W. D'ONOFRIO received his LL.B. from Catholic University. JOSEPH X. GROSSO who will commence his senior year at Jefferson Medical College this Fall, went to Hamburg, Germany this summer as a medical exchange student. FRANCIS J. MORAN received his LL.B. from the University of Pennsylvania. JOHN W. RUDY has been awarded a National Institute of Mental Health traineeship at the University of Illinois in Urbana. The program will lead to a Ph.D. in Child Psychology. JOHN J. McHALE was among 39 people killed in a United Air Lines plane crash in Tennessee on July 9. *Marriages:* LOUIS A. DESANCTIS to Ann Rita Decencio. WILLIAM J. KEENAN to Justine

Marie Turi. JOHN W. MCCLELLAN to Elizabeth G. Doyle. *Birth:* To the GEORGE A. CARROLL's their first child, Donna Frances.

'62

Thomas A. Cottone  
943 East Chelton Avenue  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19138

ENSIGN JOSEPH G. CROSBY recently received the "Wings" of a Navy aviator. ALEXANDER N. LUSHNYCKY received his M.A. in history from the University of Pennsylvania. MILES MAHONEY was awarded a Master of Social Service degree at Bryn Mawr College. DOMINIC V. O'BRIEN was granted an M.A. in English at the University of Pennsylvania. JOSEF W. RIDGEWAY received an M.Ed. degree from the University of Virginia. GERARD J. ZICCARDI was awarded an M.S. in Library Science by Villanova University and is now employed as a librarian at St. Joseph's College (Pa.). DAVID ZIMMERMAN received a master's degree in Electrical Engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. *Marriages:* LAWRENCE J. MAHER to Janet Marie Runzer. LT. ANTHONY J. JOHNSTON to Joanne Marie Santarone. ANTHONY C. MURDOCCA to Lorraine M. Yanno in McAdoo, Pa. LT. THOMAS J. RADWELL to Mary Louise Bondi in Norristown, Pa. FRANCIS J. SEXTON to Dorothy Anne Dunphy.

'63

ANTHONY ABBOTT has been named head basketball coach at St. James High School in Chester, Pa., his alma mater. 2ND LT. ALEXANDER J. DOMERATZKY is taking Air Force navigator training at Connally AFB, Texas. JOSEPH FRY has been named sales engineer for the Philadelphia area by the Loctite Corp. of Newington, Conn. GERARD HEFFERNAN received an M.A. degree at Niagara University. JAMES H. MCCORMICK received his M.A. in English from the University of Pennsylvania. LOUIS E. OSWALD was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Force at Lackland AFB, Texas.

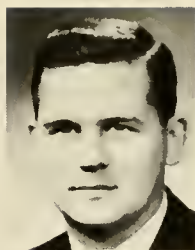




L. OSWALD

J. FRY

A. ABBOTT



*Marriages:* JOHN L. HIGGINS 3RD to Madeline M. Varga. PAUL F. MORGANTHALER to Brenda Romano in Orange, N. J. DONALD J. SLOWICKI to Anne Marie Melvin. ROBERT J. WOEFELING to Florence Marie Sprague.

## '64

FRANK S. ARENA has been appointed group superintendent of the electronics division of the Philco Corp. WILLIAM E. BORNAK and JOHN E. DRACH recently joined Rohm and Haas Co. BORNAK will work in the firm's research laboratories at Bristol, Pa. DRACH will do similar work at Spring House, Pa.

*Marriages:* JAMES J. FOLINO to Dorothy Marie Cooke. JOSEPH G. HIRSCHMANN to Gertrude Ann Bennett in New Cumberland, Pa. FRANCIS X. IAQUINTO to Elizabeth M. Hughes. THOMAS F. MCTEAR, III to Nancy Ann Callan.

## Chapter and Club News

### BERKS COUNTY

The Berks County Chapter of the Alumni Association sponsored a weekend retreat for its members April 10, 11 and 12 and a dinner-dance at Charlie's Valley Inn in Pennside, Pennsylvania on May 16.

### NEW YORK

Alums from the revitalized New York area chapter met at the World's Fair Vatican Pavilion for Mass on July 29, then had dinner together afterwards. Officers for the coming year are: HARRY G. WIEBLER, '50, President; THOMAS F. GRUBER, '55, Vice-President; JAMES A. FYNES, '57, Secretary; and JOHN A. KINSLOW, '58, Treasurer.

### SOUTH JERSEY

New officers elected in June were: JOHN C. MANNING, '54, President; JOSEPH G. RODDY, '59, Vice-President; and JAMES P. HOLMES, '62, Secretary. JOSEPH A. HATCH, '52, continues as Treasurer. Plans for the coming year include a theatre party on

campus on August 22 and a Stag night September 19.

### SUBURBAN WEST

Our newest chapter was organized in January as the Delaware County Chapter of the Alumni Association. The name was subsequently changed to Suburban West to permit interested alumni in western Montgomery and Chester counties to participate in activities.

Officers elected at the February meeting were: J. DONALD COGGINS, '52, President; H. PETER GILLINGHAM, '49, Vice-President; DANIEL H. KANE, '49, Secretary; NICHOLAS P. DIENNA, '56, Treasurer.

At a dinner-meeting at the Lamb Tavern in Springfield on March 19, basketball star FRANK CORACE, '64 was the honored guest. As a local resident, the high scoring captain of the 1964 team has since become a member of the chapter. The April business meeting was followed by movies of La Salle's '63-'64 basketball season. The May meeting featured a talk by ROBERT COURTNEY, PH.D. of the Political Science department, on the "Changing Role of the Vice-President."

### MEDICAL SOCIETY

DR. EDWARD J. COVERDALE, '34, was re-elected President of the La Salle College Alumni Medical Society in the recent balloting. Vice-President JAMES C. McLAUGHLIN, '48, Secretary CHARLES B. TRIBIT, JR., '48

and Treasurer LOUIS X. VIGGIANO, '49 were also re-elected to their respective offices.

The Society hosted Le Salle alumni presently in medical school or interning at an informal cocktail party on Sunday afternoon, April 19. Special guests included: BROTHER DANIEL BERNIAN, F.S.C., President of the College; BROTHER F. CHRISTOPHER, F.S.C.; BROTHER GREGORIAN PAUL, F.S.C.; BROTHER M. EDWARD, F.S.C., and DR. JOHN S. PENNY, professor of Biology and department chairman at the College. DR. COVERDALE presented Dr. Penny with a slide projector for the Biology department in behalf of the Society.

### ANNUAL AWARD

This year's winner of the Medical Society Award to the "outstanding student in the graduating class preparing for the medical profession" was DENNIS W. CRONIN, who will attend the U. of Pa. Medical School in the fall.

### CLASS OF '64

Of this year's Biology majors, six will attend Hahnemann Medical College, five will go to the Jefferson; four to Temple; three to the U. of Pa.; one to St. Louis U. and one to Georgetown Medical School. Nine other Biology majors will go to dental school; eight will do graduate work in Biology; seven will go to Phila. College of Osteopathy and one will go to Temple Law School.

## First Alumni Weekend Set Oct. 2-3

The first weekend in October has been designated Alumni Homecoming Weekend, it was announced by DANIEL MCGONIGLE, president of the Association.

Two annual fall events, the Stag Reunion and the Signum Fidei medal presentation, plus many innovations, will form the basis of the first Alumni Weekend in La Salle's history.

The Stag, traditionally held on the first Friday in October, will start the Weekend on October 2 in the College Union Building. Beer, pretzels, sports films in the theatre, Monte Carlo, and other featured attractions will be offered for the \$3.00 admission.

Two major events have been scheduled for Saturday, October 3. An educational program, conducted by the Alpha Epsilon Honor Society and selected faculty members, will be held in the morning and afternoon, and the annual Signum Fidei Dinner, followed by a social, that evening. Guided tours will also be available.

The Signum Fidei medal has been presented by the Alumni Association each year since 1942 to an individual for noteworthy achievement in advancing Christian principles. It has been presented to such persons as BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN, FATHER JAMES

KELLER, DR. FRANCIS J. BRACELAND and R. SARGENT SHRIVER. Last year's recipient was MOTHER M. BENEDICT, S.C.M.M., American provincial of the Medical Mission Sisters. The Selection committee, under the chairmanship of M. J. SCHAEBLER, '22, expects to announce this year's recipient in the near future.

The medal has been presented at many different types of affairs and for the last three years was given at an alumni Communion Dinner on the Feast of All Saints, November 1. The Alumni Board of Directors decided to separate the annual Alumni Mass from the dinner, open the dinner to Alumni wives, make it a part of Alumni Weekend, and provide for dancing after the dinner.

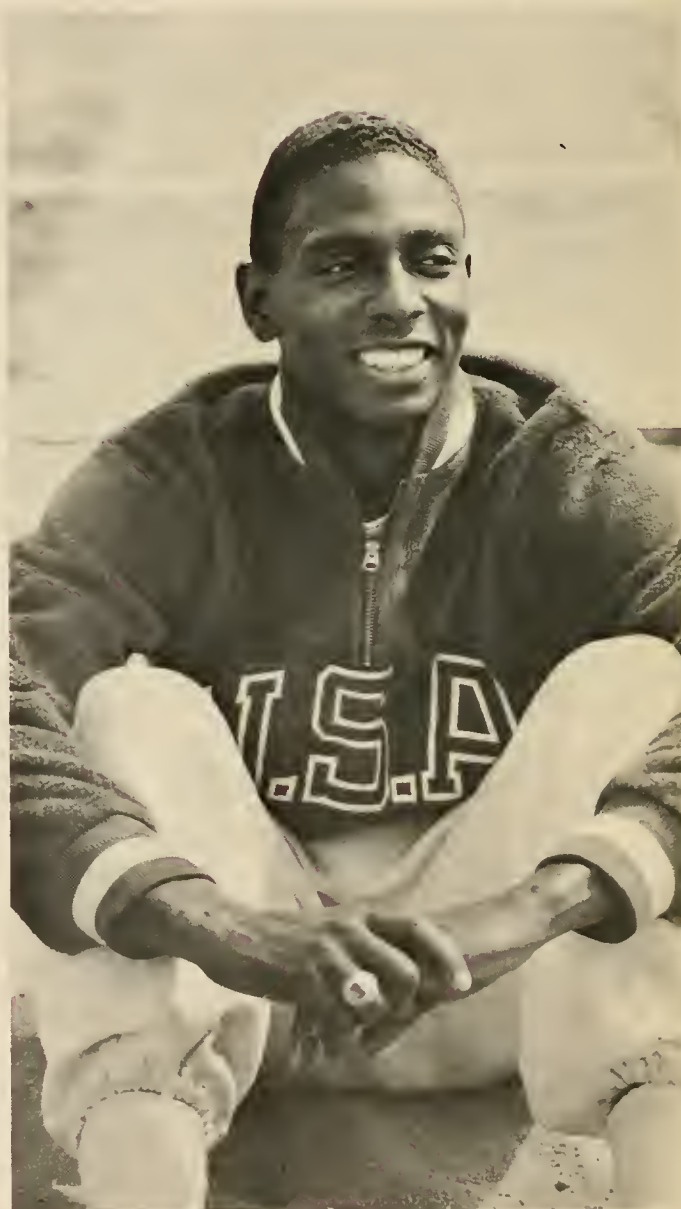
JOHN J. LOMBARD, JR., ESQ., '56, designated by MCGONIGLE as general chairman of the Weekend, announced that his committees have been working over the summer to insure the success of the undertaking. CHARLES A. AGNEW, '61 and JOHN J. MCGINLEY, '63 are co-chairmen of the Stag Reunion Committee; WILLIAM BURNS, '54 is chairman of Alpha Epsilon's Saturday program; JOSEPH N. MALONE, '56 is dinner chairman. More details on the Weekend will be announced in the near future.

# La Salle Vignettes

WALTER HOLT — PDA

## **Ira Davis**/*triple jump to Tokyo*

Another La Salle record of sorts will go to **Ira S. Davis**, '58, this fall, when the quiet, genial triple jumper represents the United States at the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo: Ira will be the first La Salle athlete to participate in three consecutive Olympic Games. Ira, who still holds a host of La Salle records in the more familiar track events, is America's numero uno in his esoteric ("there just isn't enough competition available for triple jumpers in U.S. meets") specialty, the hop, step and jump. Despite an injured ankle, he leaped 52' 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " at the Olympic trials in June, then bettered his own American record with a 53' 11" jump in the U.S.-Russian meet last month. Ira feels his chances of improving upon his previous performances (fourth at Rome in 1960, and tenth at Melbourne in 1956) are excellent, but characteristically tempers his optimism: "I'm older, stronger and more knowledgeable . . . then so are the other fellows." The "other fellows" are headed by Poland's Jozef Schmidt, 1960 Gold Medalist and world record holder at 55' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", whom Ira figures is the man to beat when the Games open October 14. Ira is insurance representative for a nationally known company, and must train whenever he has a free moment. He and his wife, Ellen (a secretary in Mayor Tate's office), have two children, Judith, 5, and Ira, Jr., 3.







### Claude Koch/*a see for "The Kite"*

"A touching, evocative piece of work—touching because some part of the reader's self has been recolled." "America," the influential national Catholic weekly magazine, thus described "The Kite in the Sea," the third novel by **Claude F. Koch**, '40, whose short story, "Wellington," appears in this issue. It will be the basis for a segment of his next novel, which is expected to be published next year. Koch, intense and soft-spoken, is an associate professor of English at La Salle, besides being a prolific writer of equally intense and sensitive prose. His earlier novels, "Island Interlude" in 1952 and "Light in Silence" in 1958, were greeted with critical plaudits, and he has won attention for short stories published in a myriad of literary magazines, among them the highly regarded "Antioch" and "Sewanee Reviews," in addition to La Salle's own "four quarters." Koch has also excelled in the classroom. Last year, he received a \$1000 Lindback Award, given annually for "distinguished teaching." He joined the College staff in 1946, after serving as a Marine Corps major during World War Two. He earned his master's degree at the University of Florida under a Sewanee Fellowship in fiction in 1955-56. Koch and his wife, Mary, have six children—five boys and a girl—and live in nearby Mt. Airy.

## Jim Finnegan/

*Mr. and Mrs. M.D.*

It is an increasingly commonplace, but nevertheless difficult, feat for a student to earn a degree while caring for a wife and children. But if you like to play "Can You Top This," recall the Drs. **Finnegan, James O., '60**, and **Loretta**, who simultaneously earned Doctor of Medicine degrees this June at Hahnemann Medical College, while raising their three children — Mark, 2½, Matthew, 1½, and Michael, 10 months. Dr. Jim, a native of Pittsburgh, attended Central Catholic High School and the University of Pittsburgh before enrolling at La Salle. As an undergraduate, he was president of his Junior class and a member of the Interfraternity Council. Dr. Loretta is a graduate of Ursinus College. They make their home near Hahnemann Hospital, where both are serving their internship.

WALTER HOLT — PDA



## Juan Suarez-Rivas/*Bay of Pigs revisited*

"The United States made many mistakes that contributed to the eventual success of the Castro revolution in Cuba," according to **Juan Suarez-Rivas, '67**, a sophomore in the School of Arts and Sciences, who took part in the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961 and was a Castro prisoner for 20 months thereafter. "Castro is considered invincible because of the Bay of Pigs failure," Juan asserts. "It badly damaged the U. S. image in Latin America, but the hit-and-run attacks (by exiles) are helping to repair this damage and restore Cubans' faith in the eventual overthrow of Castro." Juan contends that "feeling was more general against (previous dictator) Batista than against Castro, but if we had known what Castro was, we probably would have kept Batista!" He adds that, "Castro still has the support of some Cubans. They are well indoctrinated and some do have a better economic life now — but they have sacrificed their freedom to get it." Juan, who is the son of former Cuban senator Dr. Eduardo Suarez Rivas — now a Miami lawyer, attended a Christian Brothers school in Havana for ten years before his family left Cuba in 1960, when he was 17. He was in Miami three months when the invasion alert was sounded, and left in January, 1961 for intensive training in Guatemala and Nicaragua. Two days after the landing on April 17, the retreat order was given, and Juan and many of his compatriots were trapped in the swamps for six days before their capture. Nearly two years later, he was among the 1,179 prisoners whose ransom was negotiated by James B. Donovan. Juan, like most Cuban expatriots, yearns for the day when he can return to his homeland — after Castro is kicked out, which he claims is "just a matter of time."



LAWRENCE KANEVSKY



MUSIC  
THEATRE  
'64



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